Words by
MARC SYLVAN
Music by
LOUIS TOCABEN

Little Brown Hut in the Lane

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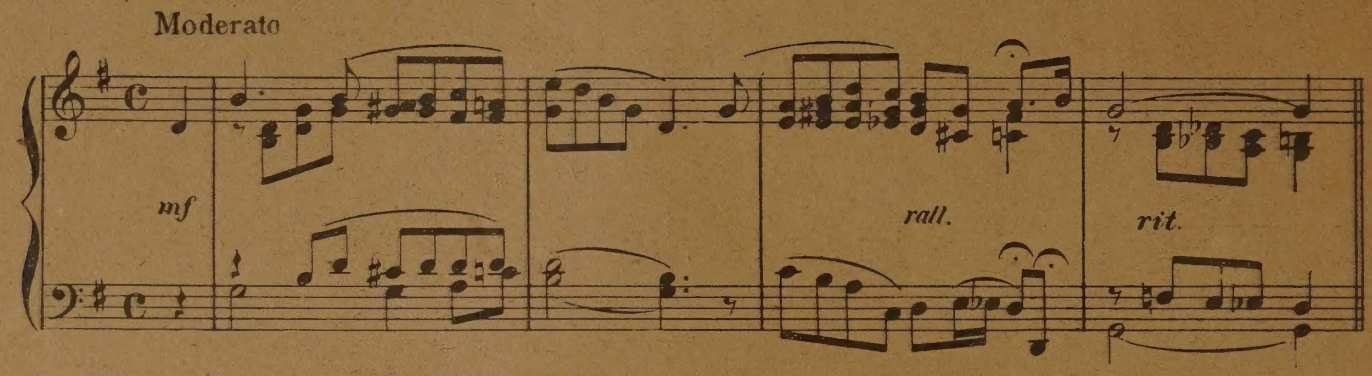
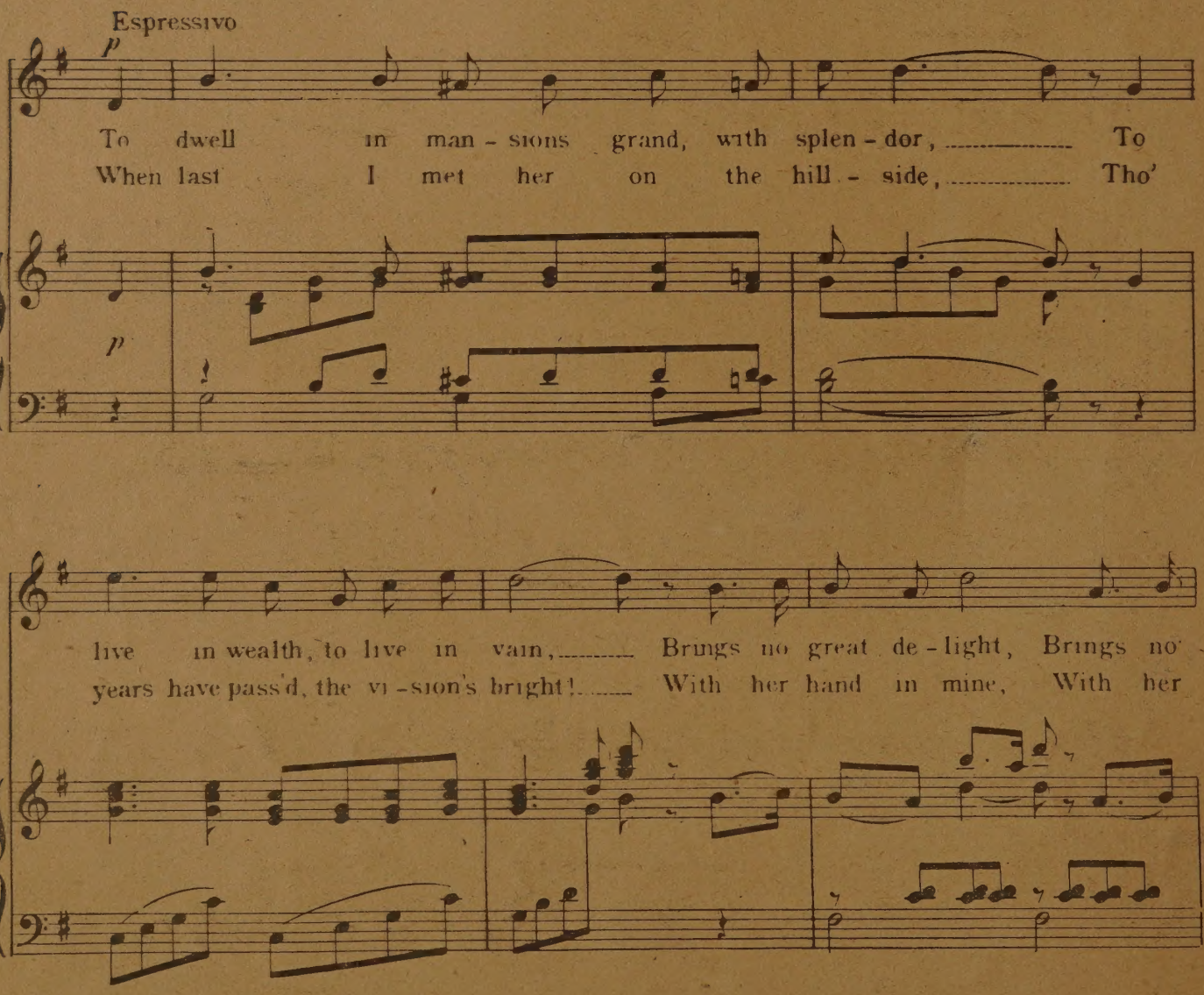
Espressivo
p
To dwell in man - sions grand, with splen - dor, ... To
When last I met her on the hill - side, ... Tho'
p
live in wealth, to live in vain, ... Brings no great de - light, Brings no
years have pass'd, the vi - sion's bright! ..... With her hand in mine, With her

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plea - sure bright; Oh, give me back my cot - tage in the
smile di - vine. I see her stand - ing in the pale moon-

lane. 'Twas but a hut close by the hill - side, But
-light. We part - ed thus in gloom and sor - row; But

there my wand'ring thoughts will stray, 'Twas there I met her by the
love will al - ways find the way, 'Twas fate a - lone that cast her

rall

way - side, My own sweet Nell, who lived a - cross the way
sha - dow, 'Tis love a - lone will bring her back some day

rall

CHORUS. Valse.

Sweet Nell, do tell? What day will end my heart's

p

long - ing? Some day, in May, Will you be

rit. *a tempo*

mine? Don't let me ask in vain! Sweet Nell, dear Nell,

rit. *poco a poco* *a tempo*

Name that will bring love-thoughts throng - ing, We'll meet, to

poco a poco *rall.*

greet, At the lit - tle brown hut in the lane..... lane.....

rall.